

DOLL MAN

AUTUMN ISSUE
No.14

Quarterly

10¢

The **DOLL
MAN**
puts the
SPOTLIGHT
on
CRIME!





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THE

DOLL MAN

DEATH!

That was the fate of those who wore the **ROBE of LUCIFER!** But what was its strange history? Perhaps no living man is fated to know its origins, but it was granted to **MARTO** to spell out in guns and slaughter its secret, sinister meaning!

THE DOLL MAN, mighty mite of crime-busting, pits his strength and cunning against the eerie power of **MARTO**, the man who wore **THE ROBE OF LUCIFER!**

PARDON ME, SIR OR MADAM,
BUT HAVE YOU SEEN MY ROBE?
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR IT
EVERYWHERE! YOU SEE, IT'S
OF ABSOLUTELY NO USE TO
ME UNLESS SOMEONE IS
WEARING IT!



BUT HOW FOOLISH OF ME! HOW
COULD YOU BE WEARING IT?
YOU'D HAVE HEARD FROM ME
LONG AGO! FORGIVE THIS
INTRUSION UPON YOUR
PRIVATE AFFAIRS!



I HAVE JUST RECEIVED
WORD OF SOMEONE WHO
KNOWS ABOUT MY ROBE!
I DO HOPE SOMEONE WILL
BE WEARING IT SOON!
FAREWELL, FOR THE
PRESENT!



At the home of Dr. Roberts, where Darrel Dane
is a guest of his fiancée, Martha Roberts.

WHEN DID YOU
FIRST HEAR OF THIS
ROBE, DR. ROBERTS?



I READ ABOUT IT IN AN ANCIENT
PAPYRUS, WHICH DESCRIBED IT
AS BELONGING TO PTOLMY
THIRD, ONE OF THE GREAT KINGS
OF EGYPT! HE WAS WEARING
IT WHEN HE WAS SLAIN IN
BATTLE!



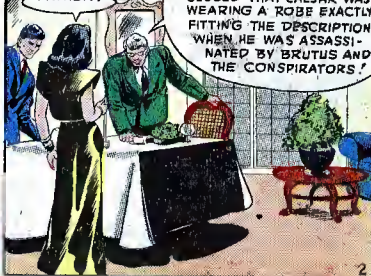
BUT YOU SAID
IT WAS UNUSUAL
IN SOME
WAY.

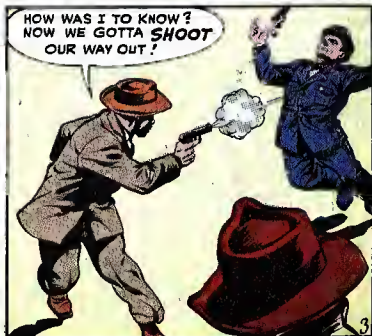
YES...THE MOST UNUSUAL
GARMENT IN HISTORY--FOR
ALEXANDER THE GREAT
WAS WEARING JUST
SUCH A ROBE ON THE
DAY HE DIED! SOME
SAID THAT HE WAS
POISONED!

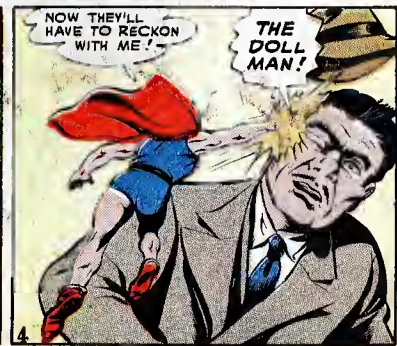
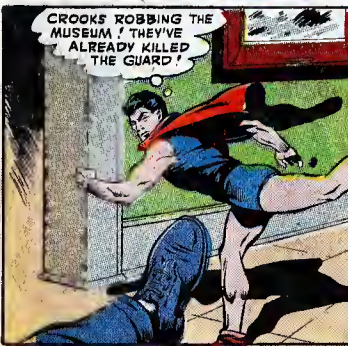
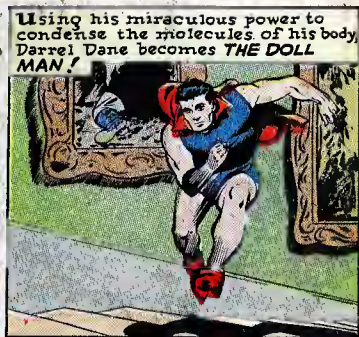
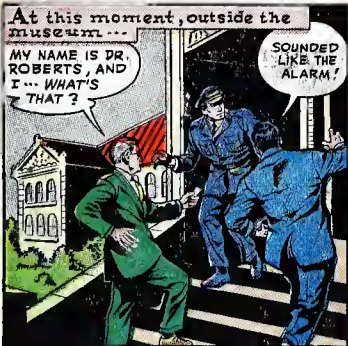


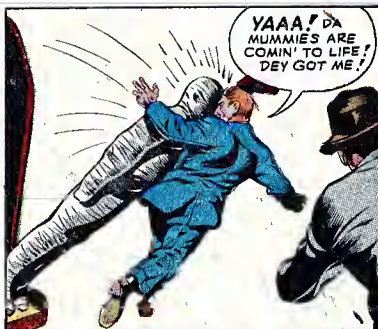
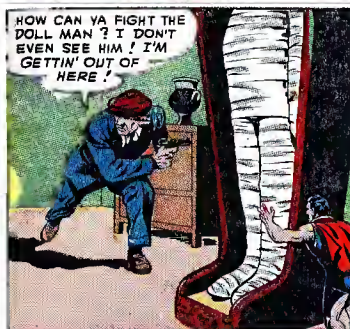
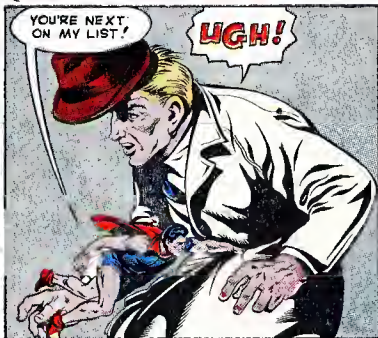
BUT I STILL
DON'T SEE WHY
THAT'S SO UNUSUAL,
FATHER!

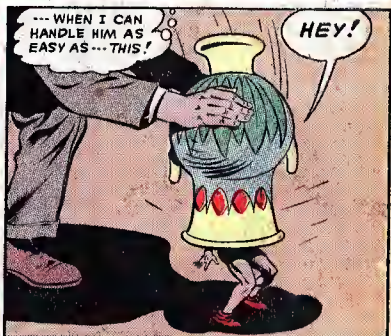
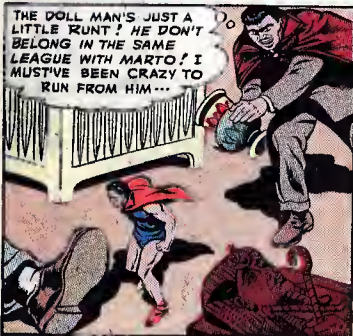
A COINCIDENCE, YOU
THINK? SO DID I...UNTIL
LATER RESEARCH DIS-
CLOSED THAT CAESAR WAS
WEARING A ROBE EXACTLY
FITTING THE DESCRIPTION
WHEN HE WAS ASSASSI-
NATED BY BRUTUS AND
THE CONSPIRATORS!











Moments later...

THE DOLL MAN!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING IN THERE?

NEVER
MIND THAT!
DID YOU
GET THE
CROOKS?



NO... THEY GOT
CLEAN AWAY... ALL
BUT ONE WE FOUND
SHOT! THEIR LEADER
KILLED TWO PATROL-
MEN AND ESCAPED
IN ONE OF OUR RADIO
CARS! I DIDN'T EVEN
SEE THE LEADER'S
FACE, EXCEPT...

EXCEPT
WHAT?



HE WAS WEARING A STRANGE
KIND OF ROBE! IT WAS SHINING
LIKE RED ARMOR! I--I GUESS IT
KINDA HYPNOTIZED ME... BECAUSE
HE WAS A PERFECT TARGET, I
HAD HIM RIGHT IN MY GUNSIGHT,
AND YET SOMEHOW I COULDN'T
SEEM TO PULL THE TRIGGER!



YOU UNDERSTAND? FROM NOW
ON, I, MARTO, AM THE BOSS! YOU
WILL OBEY MY ORDERS WITHOUT
QUESTION! AND YOUR OBEDIENCE
WILL BE AMPLY REWARDED!

SURE,
WE
UNDERSTAND!



BUT YOU'RE ACTING
STRANGE, MARTO! YOU
TALK A QUEER LINGO
THAT DON'T SOUND
LIKE YOU AT ALL! AND
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF
ALWAYS WEARIN' THAT
ROBE?

YOU DO NOT
UNDERSTAND
ME, AFTER
ALL!



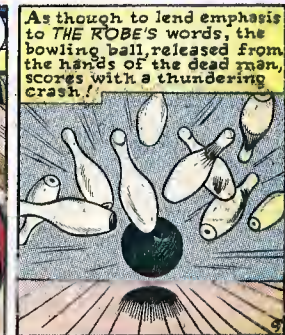
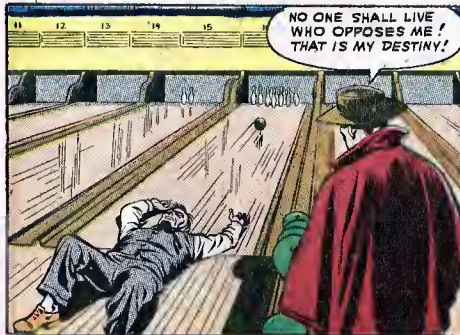
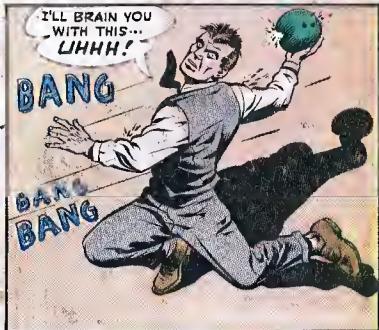
I SAID THAT YOU WILL
OBEY ME WITHOUT
QUESTION! THE
ALTERNATIVE IS...
DEATH!

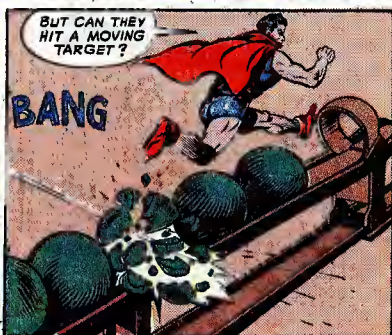
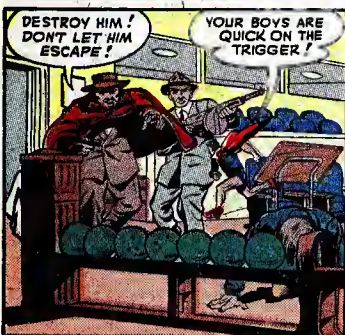
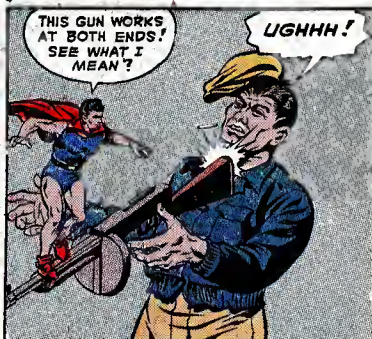
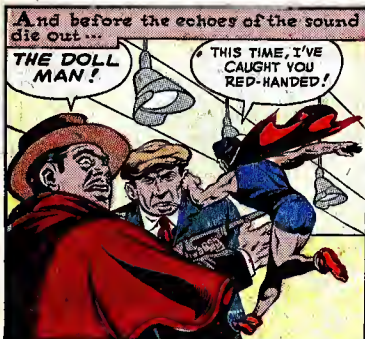
OH!!!

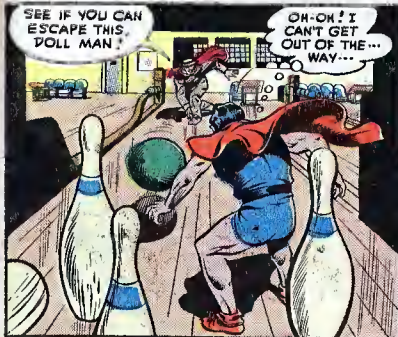


ONLY FOOLS QUARREL
WITH DESTINY! AND I
AM A MAN OF DESTINY!
LET HIS EXAMPLE BE A
WARNING TO ALL WHO
SEEK TO BETRAY
MARTO!



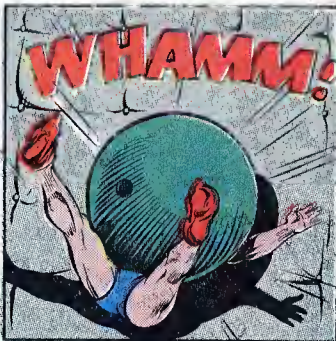






SEE IF YOU CAN
ESCAPE THIS
DOLL MAN!

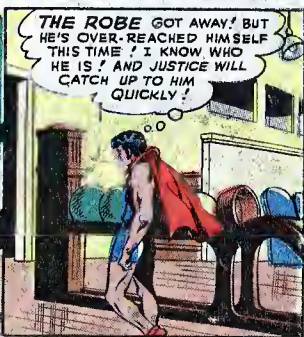
OH-OH! I
CAN'T GET
OUT OF THE...
WAY...



Dazed moments later...



NOW I KNOW HOW
A DUCKPIN FEELS!
I HOPE I'M
STILL IN ONE
PIECE!



THE ROBE GOT AWAY! BUT
HE'S OVER-REACHED HIMSELF
THIS TIME! I KNOW WHO
HE IS! AND JUSTICE WILL
CATCH UP TO HIM
QUICKLY!

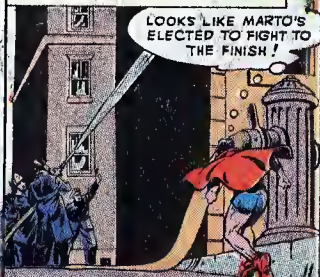
LY CHRONIC
CITY WIDE
HUNT FOR
MARTO!
CRIMINAL IDENTIFIED
AS THE ROBE! MURD
SHOCK NATION! QUI
ARREST PROMISED

FLASH! MARTO, ALIAS
THE ROBE, HAS BEEN
TRAPPED BY POLICE IN
HIS HEADQUARTERS AT
MARION AND ELM
STREETS! SO FAR, HE
HAS REFUSED TO
SURRENDER!

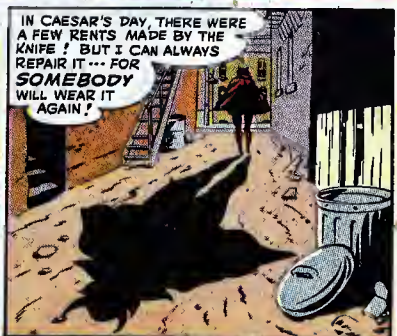
MAYBE
THE DOLL MAN
CAN HELP TO
AVERT BLOOD-
SHED!



Quickly Darrel Dane again
becomes the Doll Man and
hurries to the scene



LOOKS LIKE MARTO'S
ELECTED TO FIGHT TO
THE FINISH!

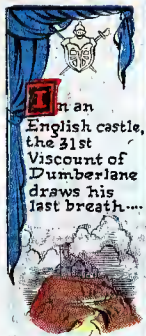


The DOLL MAN

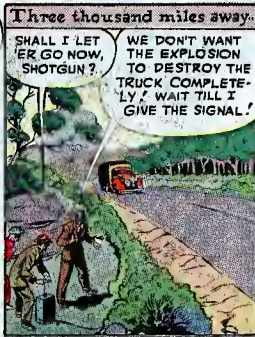
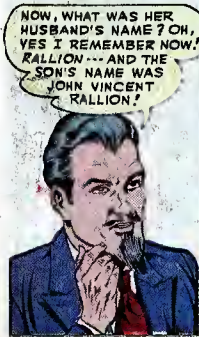
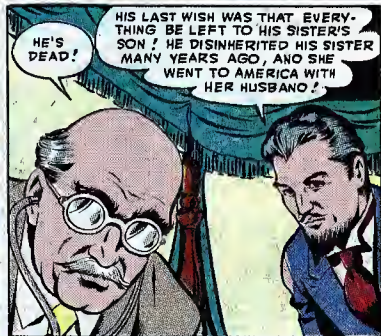
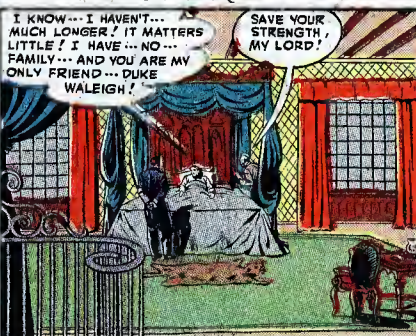


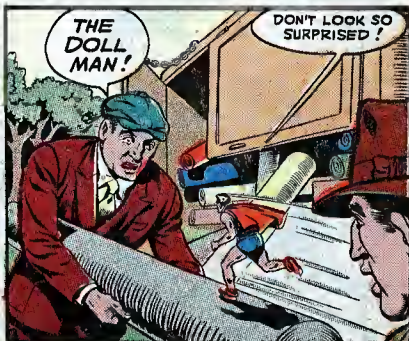
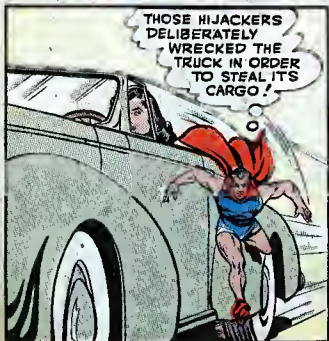
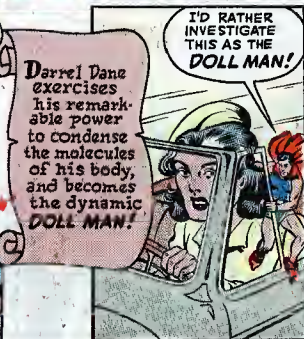
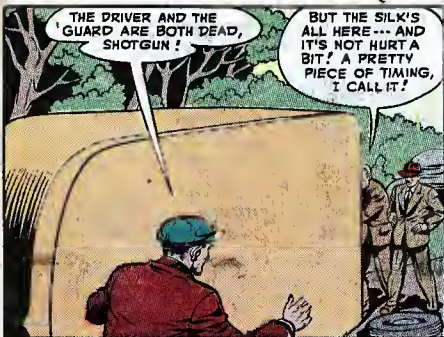
His name is John Vincent Rallion, the 32nd Viscount of Dumberlane, heir to an illustrious and noble tradition! But his friends know him as Shotgun Ralls, mobster par excellence, quick-trigger artist and accomplished hijacker! **The Doll Man**, world's mightiest mite, is confronted by a man with two highly dissimilar identities when he follows the crime trail of

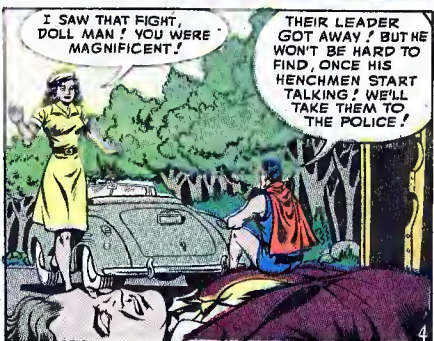
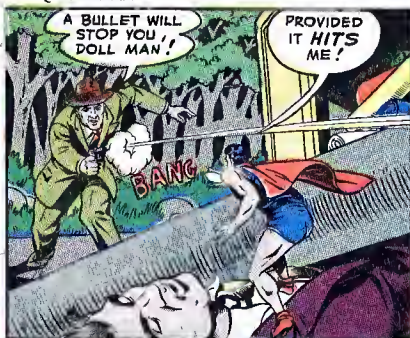
The TWO-GUN VISCOUNT!



In an English castle, the 31st Viscount of Dumberlane draws his last breath...







Meanwhile in Shotgun Ralls's apartment...

I'VE GOTTA TAKE IT ON THE LAM! THE COPS AND THE DOLL MAN MUST BE HOT ON MY TRAIL BY NOW!



SOMEBODY'S AT THE DOOR! WELL, THEY WON'T TAKE SHOTGUN RALLS WITHOUT A FIGHT!



I BEG, YOUR PARDON, SIR! I AM LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED VINCENT RALLION!

THAT'S MY REAL NAME! BUT NOBODY'S CALLED ME THAT IN TWENTY YEARS!

WHAT D'YA WANT?



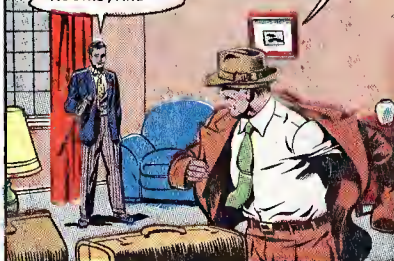
I WISH TO INFORM MR. RALLION THAT HE IS NOW THE 32nd VISCOUNT OF DUMBERLANE! HE HAS INHERITED THE ESTATE OF HIS LATELY DECEASED UNCLE!

I'M THE GUY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR! WHERE IS THIS ESTATE YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT?



WHY...ER... IN DEVONSHIRE, ENGLAND, OF COURSE! A RATHER CHARMING LITTLE CASTLE OF THIRTY-SEVEN ROOMS, AND...

DON'T SAY ANYTHING MORE!



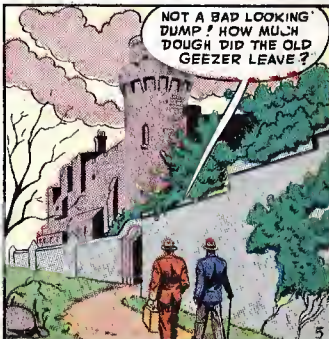
ME, I ALWAYS DID HANKER TO SEE ENGLAND! IF IT'S OKAY WITH YOU, WE'RE LEAVIN' ON THE FIRST PLANE!

I SUPPOSE I CAN MAKE THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS, YOUR... UH... LORDSHIP!



Two days and three thousand miles from the police and THE DOLL MAN...

NOT A BAD LOOKING DUMP! HOW MUCH DOUGH DID THE OLD GEEZER LEAVE?



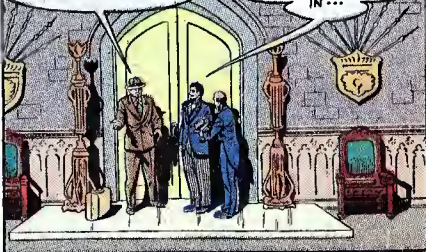
YOU'LL BE SHOCKED TO LEARN, YOUR LORDSHIP, THAT AFTER PAYING INHERITANCE TAXES, AND VARIOUS OTHER DEBTS, THERE IS **NO MONEY LEFT!**

HUH?



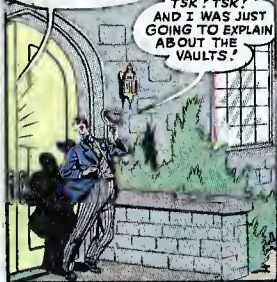
A SET-UP LIKE THIS, AND NO DOUGH? ARE YOU TELLING ME THERE'S NOT A LOOSE BUCK FLOATING AROUND IN THE FAMILY VAULTS?

I BELIEVE YOU UNDERSTAND ME CORRECTLY! UNFORTUNATELY, THE LATE VISCOUNT LEFT NO CASH ASSETS, BUT IN...



OF ALL THE DIRTY, DOUBLECROSSIN'...! SO LONG, DUKE!

HE SLAMMED THE DOOR IN MY FACE! TSK! TSK! AND I WAS JUST GOING TO EXPLAIN ABOUT THE VAULTS!



A SWELL HIDEOUT LIKE THIS AIN'T NO GOOD WITHOUT DOUGH! AND I'M FLATTER THAN A FLOORBOARD! I'VE GOT TO SCRATCH UP A BATCH OF THE LONG GREEN, BUT QUICK!



I CAN ALWAYS GO BACK TO MY OWN RACKET! THAT PAYS OFF PRETTY WELL! AND WHO'D EVER SUSPECT THE VISCOUNT OF DUMBERLANE OF BEIN' A CROOK?



HOW EMBARRASSING! THE VISCOUNT OF DUMBERLANE WAS ARRESTED AS A THIEF! NATURALLY, IT WAS A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY!

LET ME SEE THAT, MARTHA!



THE POLICE APOLOGIZED FOR ARRESTING HIM! THE OFFICER RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ERROR IS BEING DEMOTED!

GOOD GLORY! THAT CAN'T BE THE VISCOUNT OF DUMBERLANE! IT'S THE SAME MAN WHO HIJACKED THAT SILK TRUCK! REMEMBER, MARTHA?



A

nd so it happens that one day, back in America...



I'D KNOW HIS
FACE ANYWHERE!
THAT'S SHOTGUN
RALLS!

BUT WHAT'S
HE DOING IN
ENGLAND? AND
HOW COULD HE
POSE AS A
VISCOUNT?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT I'M GOING
TO ENGLAND TO EXPOSE HIM
AS A FRAUD... AND BRING
HIM BACK TO FACE HIS PUNISH-
MENT! I'VE A SCORE TO
SETTLE WITH SHOTGUN
RALLS!

Later...

THAT
OFFICER
WHO ARRESTED
HIM DIDN'T MAKE
ANY MISTAKE! SHOT-
GUN WILL BE SURPRISED
TO MEET THE DOLL
MAN AGAIN!



I'D LIKE TO MEET THE...
UH... VISCOUNT! TELL
HIM THAT AN OLD FRIEND
OF HIS FROM AMERICA
IS HERE!

I'M SORRY! THE
VISCOUNT IS IN
CONFERENCE
WITH SEVERAL
BUSINESS ASSOCIATES!
HE CANNOT SEE ANY-
ONE TODAY!



BUSINESS ASSOCIATES,
EH? I'D LIKE TO MEET
THEM! I CAN'T GET
INSIDE, BUT...



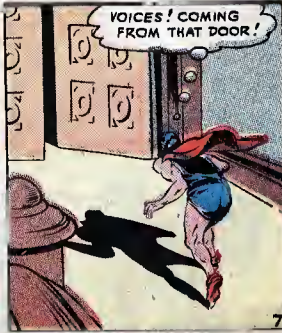
In an instant
Darrel Dane
becomes the
Doll Man...

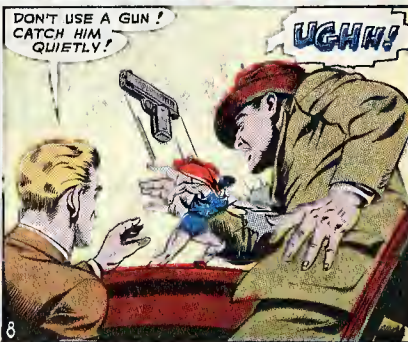
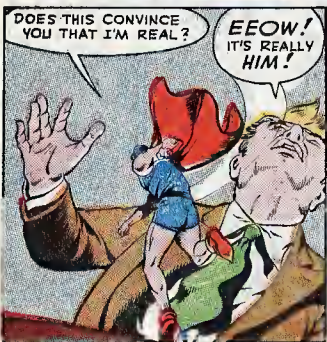
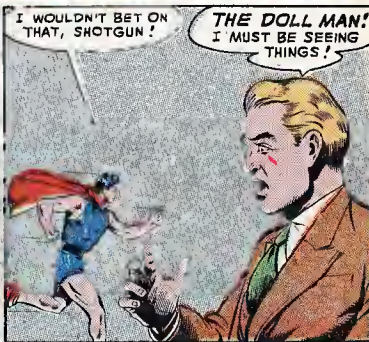
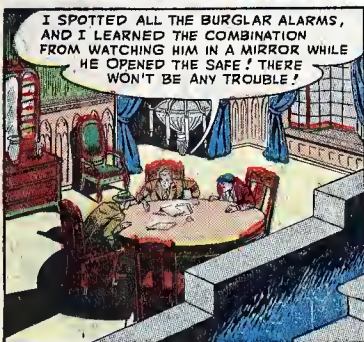


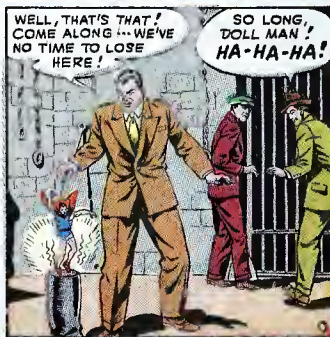
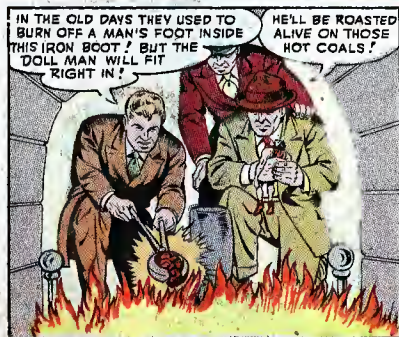
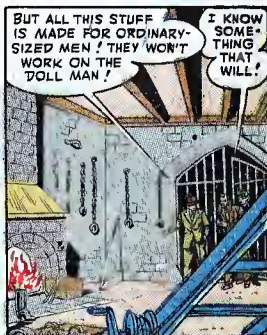
...THE DOLL
MAN CAN!

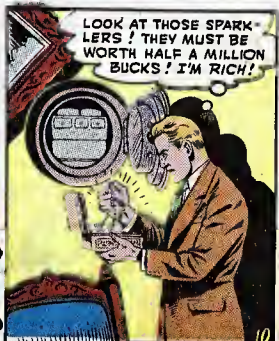
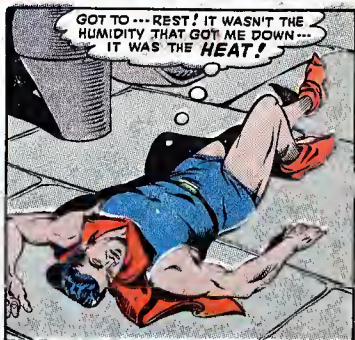
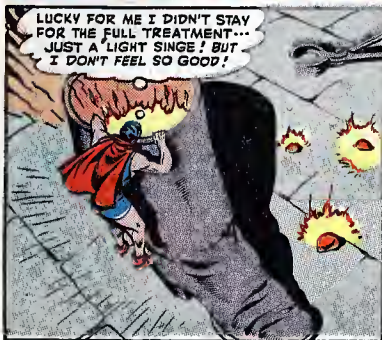
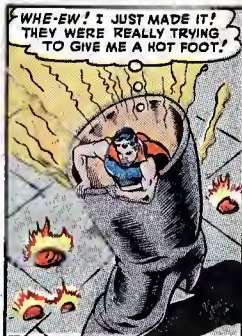
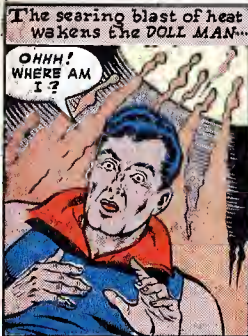


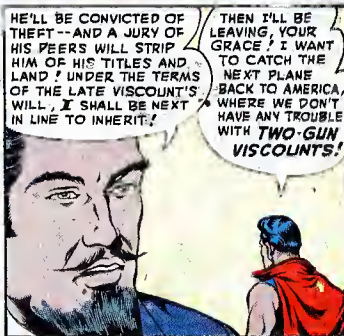
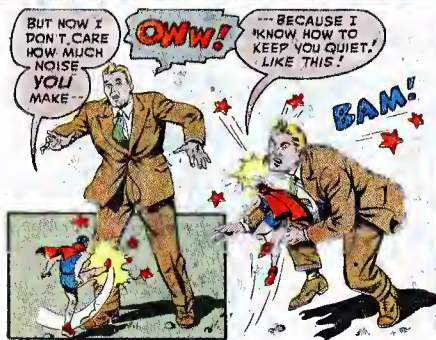
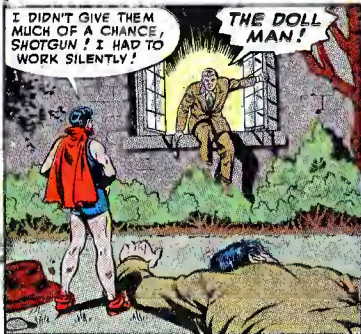
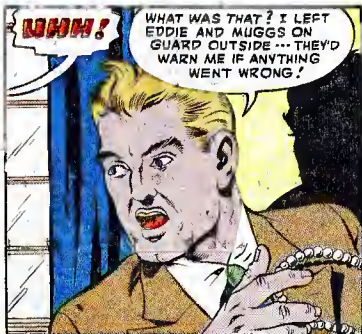
VOICES! COMING
FROM THAT DOOR!



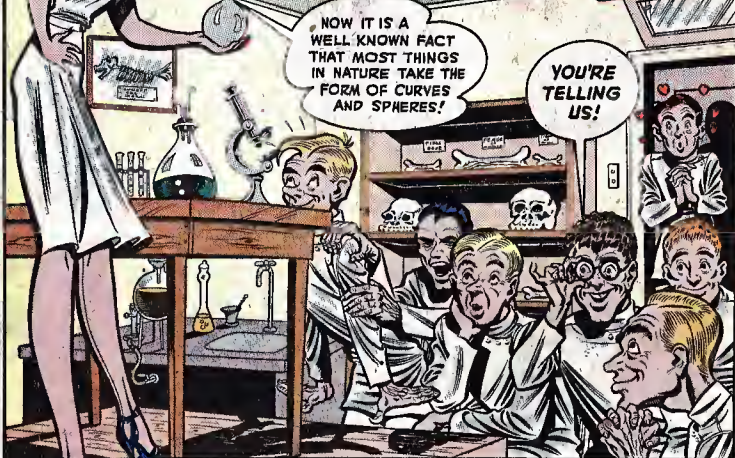








TORCHY



NOW IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT THAT MOST THINGS IN NATURE TAKE THE FORM OF CURVES AND SPHERES!

YOU'RE TELLING US!

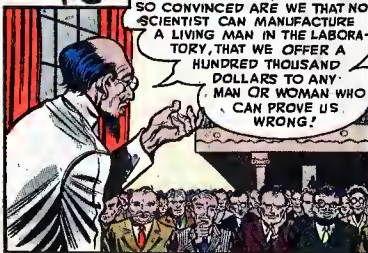
At the annual convention of scientists....

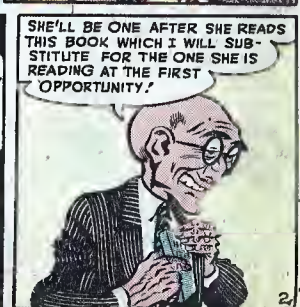
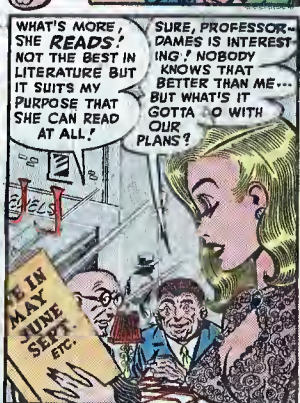
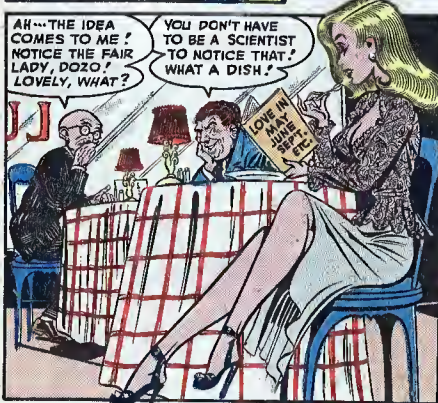
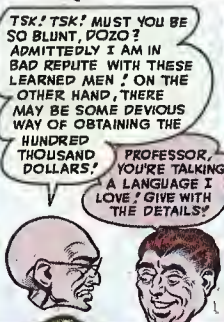
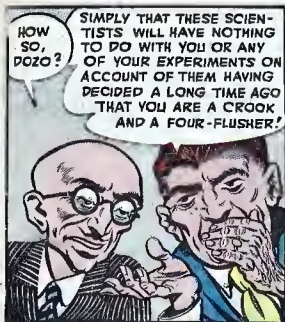
AND FURTHERMORE, GENTLEMEN, SO CONVINCED ARE WE THAT NO SCIENTIST CAN MANUFACTURE A LIVING MAN IN THE LABORATORY, THAT WE OFFER A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS TO ANY MAN OR WOMAN WHO CAN PROVE US WRONG!

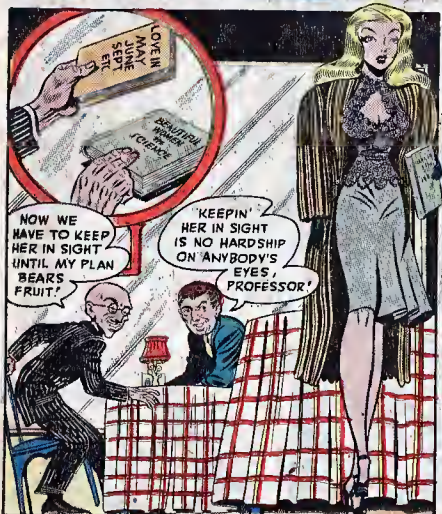
And in the gallery...

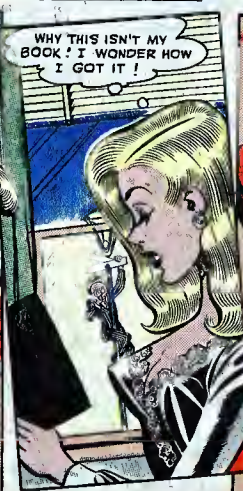
SO THE ASSEMBLED SCIENTISTS ARE GETTING UP A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR ANYBODY WHO CAN MANUFACTURE A MAN! WHAT A CHALLENGE TO MY SCIENTIFIC INGENUITY!

YEAH, PROFESSOR BUMSEN! AIN'T IT TOO BAD?









Torchy reads far into the night...



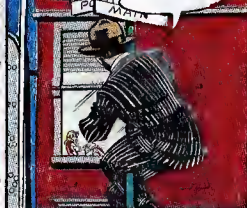
HOW EXCITING!
HOW ENTHRALLING!

I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN THAT... THIS WAS THE MYSTERIOUS URGE I DID NOT UNDERSTAND! EVERYTHING ELSE I'VE DONE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A STOPGAP! SCIENCE HAS ALWAYS BEEN CALLING ME!

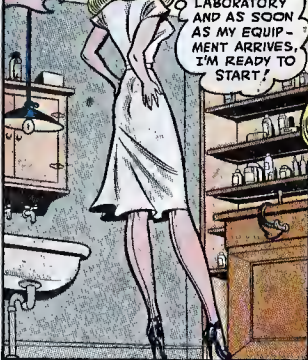


WHAT GOES ON, PROFESSOR?

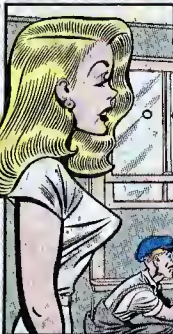
FROM WHAT I KNOW OF LIP READING AND FROM THE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE, I CAN SAFELY SAY THAT SHE'S SOLD! TOMORROW SHE'LL SET HERSELF UP AS A WORKING SCIENTIST AND WE'LL BE ON HAND TO HELP HER!



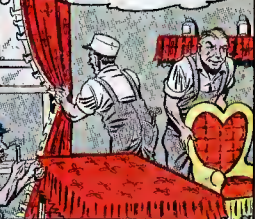
Next day...



WELL... I'VE RENTED A LABORATORY AND AS SOON AS MY EQUIPMENT ARRIVES, I'M READY TO START!



OF COURSE, THERE'S NO REASON WHY A LABORATORY CAN'T HAVE SOME FEMININE TOUCHES!



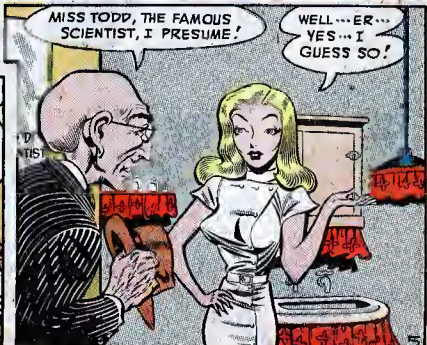
SO FAR, SO GOOD! SHE ACTED EVEN MORE QUICKLY THAN I HAD ANTICIPATED! NOW, REMEMBER, DOZO, YOU SNEAK INTO THE LAB WHILE I'M TALKING TO HER AND DON'T LET HER SEE YOU UNTIL SHE'S SUPPOSED TO!



GEE, PROFESSOR, IT AIN'T GONNA BE EASY, ACTING LIKE I WAS MANUFACTURED IN A LABORATORY!

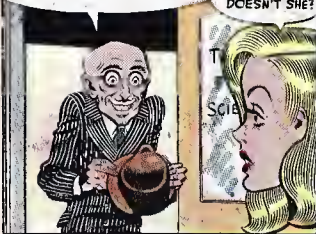
MISS TODD, THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST, I PRESUME!

WELL... ER... YES... I GUESS SO!



BUMSEN IS THE NAME! QUINTUS X. BUMSEN! I'M A SCIENTIST OF SOME REPUTATION MYSELF, BUT I'D DEEM IT AN HONOR, IF YOU'D YOU'D LET ME WORK AS YOUR ASSISTANT!

ASSISTANT? Y-YES... I GUESS A SCIENTIST NEEDS ONE, DOESN'T SHE?



IT'S SETTLED THEN? WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON AT THE MOMENT, PROFESSOR TODD?

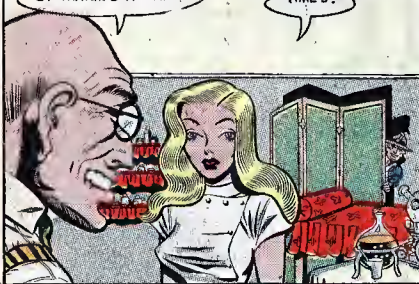


TO TELL THE TRUTH, I WAS JUST TRYING TO THINK OF SOMETHING!



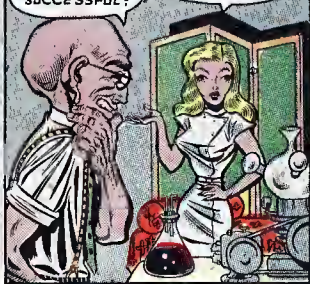
REALLY? WELL, THEN... HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF MAKING A MAN?

OH, YES! I'VE THOUGHT OF IT LOTS OF TIMES!



AH... BUT YOU WEREN'T SUCCESSFUL?

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT! I...

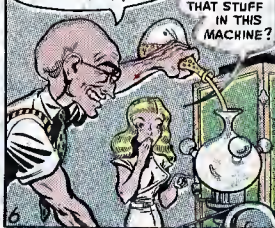


STILL, I AM CERTAIN THAT YOU HAVE NEVER HAD THE COMPLETE SUCCESS WHICH WILL CROWN OUR EFFORTS NOW! AND THINK... THE CREDIT FOR IT WILL BE YOURS! OF COURSE, WE'LL SHARE THE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE OFFERED BY THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD!

BUT THAT'S NOT A VERY SCIENTIFIC PROJECT, IS IT?



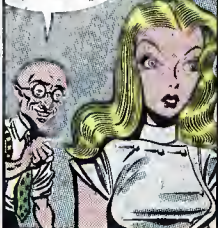
IT IS, THE WAY I DO IT! HOW FORTUNATE THAT YOU HAVE THE VERY EQUIPMENT WE NEED FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF OUR MAN!

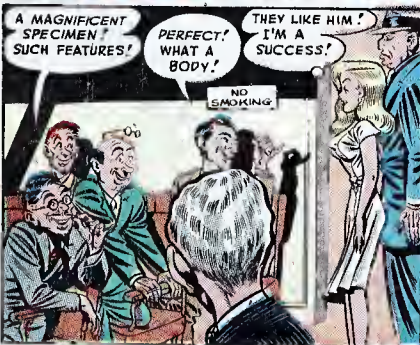
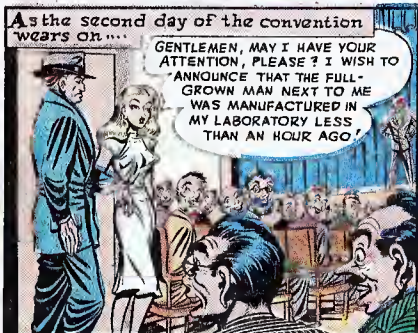
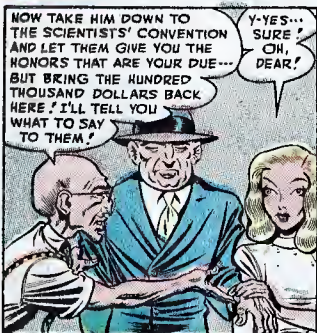


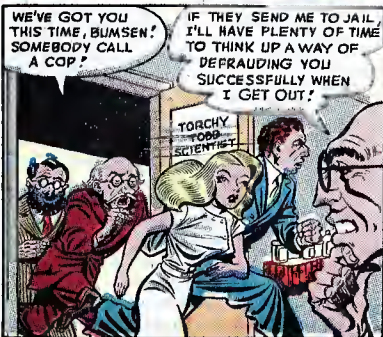
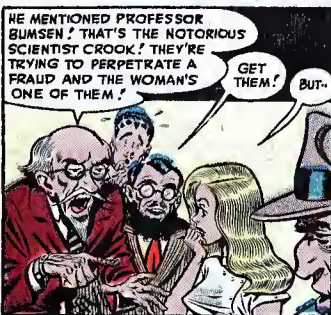
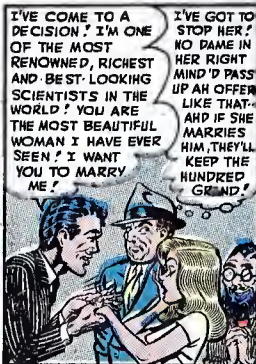
GOODNESS! YOU DON'T REALLY MEAN THAT YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A LIVE MAN OUT OF THAT STUFF IN THIS MACHINE?

EXACTLY, PROFESSOR TODD! PLEASE FETCH ME SOME SODIUM CHLORIDE! I BELIEVE I SAW SOME ON THE SHELF NEAR THE DOOR!

Y-YES... OF COURSE!







LOPSIDED REVENGE

IT was a simple matter to board the yacht. The night was dark. Golz wore sneakers. In a long sheath at his hip he carried a keen-edged knife. It would make no noise.

Golz climbed over the rail at the stern and crept forward. It was a fairly warm evening and someone might be sleeping on the deck; so he kept close to the rail and didn't stumble over any reclining bodies.

This man Golz wanted only one man on that palatial yacht. The marked man was Homer DeMoines. Five years before, Golz and DeMoines had been in business together in Cairo. DeMoines had bought Golz out after Golz grew tired of the confinement of such a life. He was a globe-trotter and wanted action. So the Frenchman had bought him out, being required to borrow much of the money. Golz had asked an exorbitant price for his share.

That had been five years ago. Nothing on the face of the transaction showed craft or crookedness in any manner. Their business had been antiques and jewelry. Business had been rather bad.

But soon after DeMoines had paid over the money for Golz' share, Golz discovered that DeMoines had found a fabulous horde of diamonds hidden in a very old Venetian desk. One of those secret spring receptacles. The diamonds had been of the first water blue-white and fetched a high price.

Golz figured that DeMoines knew all the time about the diamonds and had tried to swindle him out of his share. When he heard of the find, Golz was in South America. He caught a plane and hurried to Cairo. But in the meantime DeMoines had been taken ill and had gone to his home in Paris. He spent many months in a hospital, while Golz cooled his heels waiting.

Then, amazingly enough, Golz heard that DeMoines had left France in his yacht some weeks earlier, for the South Seas where his health would be benefited. Golz cursed and vowed vengeance. So that was the French-

man's trick, was it? Trying to duck him! Well. Golz had a few tricks up his sleeve, too.

It took Golz almost a year to track down the elusive yacht. It would appear in a port, then vanish during the night most mysteriously. To Golz such actions on the part of his former partner could mean only one thing: DeMoines was running away from his enemy.

And now, in the little hidden port of Penang, Golz had caught up with his old partner. DeMoines didn't know that Golz was anywhere within a thousand or even ten thousand miles. But Golz was.

The big man crept along the shadowy deck silently as a mouse. He found the captain's cabin and tried the door. It was unlocked. Very carefully he turned the handle and stepped inside. He heard slight breathing. DeMoines was asleep!

Golz crossed the cabin and stood listening to the breathing for a moment. DeMoines had always been rather effeminate. Of small stature, he was given to quick movements and a happy-go-lucky manner.

The cabin was dark, but a misty moon was just arising over the sea. It cast enough light for Golz to see the dark head in the pillow. He lifted the knife, plunged it downward. A bubbling scream.

Like a silent wraith Golz rushed from the cabin and went over the side. The water was warm. He struck out for shore. He could hear a commotion on board the yacht. Lights came on. The ship was wide awake.

He'd have to hurry. The police boat would soon be scouring the bay.

Golz drew himself up on his powerful cutter and cast off. The engine was still warm from its last run. He had no trouble starting it. In a moment he was under way, streaking across the bay for the open sea.

Golz grinned to himself. It had been a rather close call for him. But he had got the man he hated. Yes, got him dead to rights! He would make for a port he knew far to the

south, near the Great Barrier Reef. No one would ever guess that he was a murderer.

Like all such men, Golz prided himself on his cunning. But one thing he neglected this night was to check the weather. Heavy seas were making and a wind was whispering from the south. No night to be at sea in a small cutter. Ordinarily Golz would have stayed ashore. But tonight his brain was fuming with victory. Victory and hate quenched.

The seas rolled high and higher. The wind came screaming up. A heavy sea slung Golz against the binnacle and smashed it. Now his compass was gone. But that wasn't so serious. He knew these seas. He could not be far from Penang.

He didn't know how long he had raced along in the night, but now he cut his engine and waited for the blow to pass.

It didn't pass. It grew worse. The seas rose in giant walls of black water, tossing his little boat around like a cork. Golz grew uneasy. He had never been in such a storm. The rain came then in buckets. Lightning flashed. Thunder rolled and roared like volcanic explosions.

Golz was frightened. The night was jet-black. The rudder was torn loose and now the boat, without directional gear, floundered and whirled about in the grip of the seas.

Morning came with a greenish sickly light in the east. Golz was half dead from fatigue. It had been terrible trying to hold on all during the storm. But now the sea was calm and the sun came through after a while.

There was nothing to eat in the cutter and only a dab of water. Golz hadn't prepared for a dash; that was to have come later.

Now he lay back on the seat, his eyes burning, his throat parched, his stomach crying for food. He noted with some misgivings that he was not in sight of land. How far had he drifted during the storm?

The sky darkened before he could take time to get his bearings. It looked like another storm coming. He started the engine, but it only ran for a few minutes. Then it conked. Out of gas.

The cutter drifted, gently lifted and lowered by the long swells. Late afternoon came and the sun beamed for a while. The light hurt Golz' eyes like points of knives sticking them. His throat was a raging thing.

Where was he? How far from land? With no compass, there was no way of getting a bearing. The sun told him that he was far southeast of any land. But he could not send the boat in any direction.

He scooped up a handful of sea water and almost downed it when he remembered the terrible death that would come from drinking salt water. He cursed and slumped back on the seat.

The hours passed. Golz lost track of time. The little boat bobbed on the glassy seas, scarcely moving from one location. There was no wind. The sun poured down like liquid fire, roasting his flesh, blinding him. His eyes were raw wounds out of which the man's reddish eyes peered like lit lanterns.

Hate! Hate had come and now it seemed a vile thing. He had killed his enemy, but it looked as if the sea would claim another victim. He remembered hearing a missionary in Raratonga ranting of the wrath of heaven. He had laughed then. And retribution. The sky pilot had ranted of that, too. Golz had laughed at the time. But now—

The boat lifted gently and fell again into the low troughs of the sea. Golz was half out of his head. The dark shadows of huge albatrosses passed overhead but Golz didn't see them. He could see nothing now. His throat was constricted so that he could not even croak a sound even in the agony of his pain.

The police of Penang towed the little cutter into port. The dying man was in the hands of the medical crew. He was raving, out of his head.

"I killed him! I killed the dirty rat!" cried Golz. "He cheated me! So I killed him!"

They quieted him then with injections and a semblance of sanity took possession of the murderer.

"You killed who?" asked the chief of police.

"DeMoines—on the yacht," croaked Golz.

"Ah," said the policeman, "then it was you. But you did not kill DeMoines."

Golz rose upright, gaping. "Did not? Then who—"

"You stabbed his daughter."

THE DOLL MAN



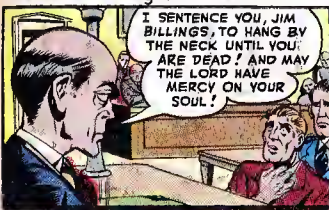
They called him the "hanging judge" because he sent so many men to the scaffold! But Judge Tolliver had his own stern code of justice. This is the story of his strangest case, when

The DOLL MAN,
mighty mite of crime-
busting, came before
him on trial for

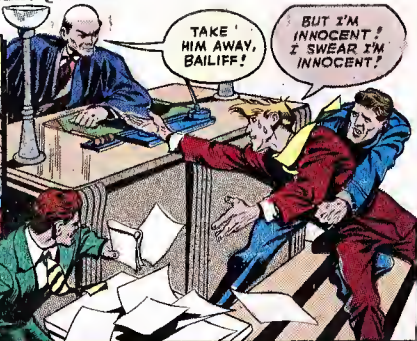
MURDER!

We'll guarantee this much...
this is one murder trial
that ends in a verdict
you'll NEVER expect!

THIS is Judge Tolliver...

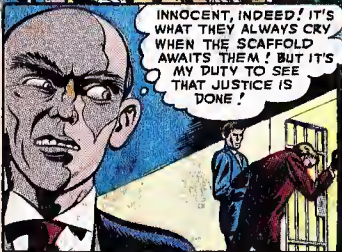


I SENTENCE YOU, JIM BILLINGS, TO HANG BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD! AND MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL!



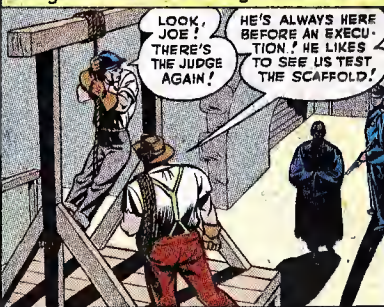
TAKE HIM AWAY, BAILIFF!

BUT I'M INNOCENT! I SWEAR I'M INNOCENT!



INNOCENT, INDEED! IT'S WHAT THEY ALWAYS CRY WHEN THE SCAFFOLD AWAITS THEM! BUT IT'S MY DUTY TO SEE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE!

Judge Tolliver has a single amusement...



LOOK, JOE! THERE'S THE JUDGE AGAIN!

HE'S ALWAYS HERE BEFORE AN EXECUTION! HE LIKES TO SEE US TEST THE SCAFFOLD!

Little wonder they call him the **HANGING JUDGE**! But our story begins on a certain morning in Judge Tolliver's private chambers...



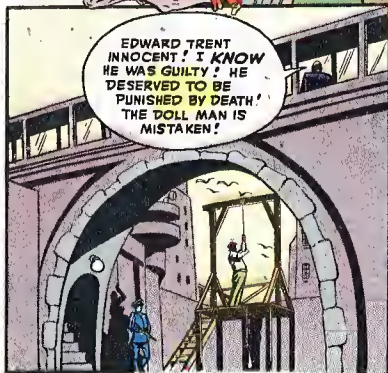
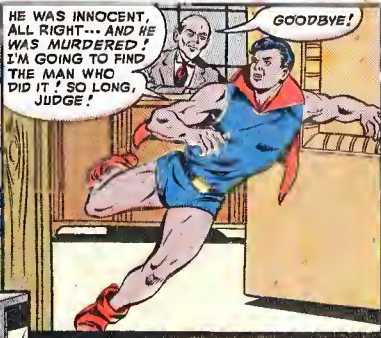
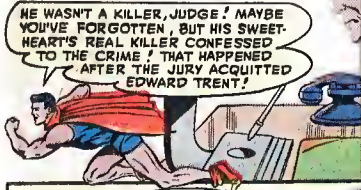
DOLL MAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I WANT TO TALK TO YOU, JUDGE!



IT'S ABOUT A MAN NAMED EDWARD TRENT! DO YOU REMEMBER HIM?

NATURALLY! HE WAS TRIED FOR THE MURDER OF HIS SWEETHEART IN MY COURT! THE JURY ACQUITTED HIM!



"IT WAS A TRAVESTY ON JUSTICE WHEN I HEARD THAT SOLEMN FOOL DECLARE THE JURY'S VERDICT--"

WE FIND THE
DEFENDANT,
EDWARD TRENT,
NOT GUILTY!

"BUT I KNEW THE TRUTH! AS AN AGENT OF JUSTICE, I CARRIED OUT THE SENTENCE THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSED UPON HIM--"

WH-WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

...A SENTENCE OF DEATH!"

BLAM

AGHH

NONE SHALL
ESCAPE ME!
MY LIFE IS
DEDICATED
TO THE
PUNISHMENT
OF GUILTY
MEN! AND I
SHALL NOT
FAIL MY
TRUST!

BLAM

THE NEXT MORNING.

EXTRA

Daily ★ Herald

EXTRA

GOVERNOR PARDONS JIM BILLINGS!

CALLS SENTENCING
CONTRARY TO WEIGHT OF
EVIDENCE!

THE GOVERNOR CAN'T
PARDON THIS MAN! HE
WAS CONVICTED OF
MURDER!

THE GOVERNOR CLAIMS
YOU WERE PREJUDICED
IN PRESENTING THE
CASE TO THE
JURY, YOUR
HONOR!

THE STUPID FOOL! HE'S
TRYING TO UNDO MY GOOD
WORK! BUT HE WON'T GET
AWAY WITH IT!

THERE'S
NOTHING YOU
CAN DO NOW,
YOUR HONOR!

NOTHING I CAN DO, EH? WE SHALL SEE ABOUT THAT! JUSTICE DEMANDS THAT JIM BILLINGS DIE!

At Martha Roberts' home, Darrel Dane, alias the Doll Man, takes his leave

NOTHING NEW ON THE EDWARD TRENT CASE, DARREL?

NOTHING YET, MARTHA! JUDGE TOLLIVER COULDN'T GIVE ME ANY CLUE! BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE COURT RECORDS ON THE CASE, MYSELF!

EDWARD TRENT DIDN'T HAVE AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD! WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL HIM? IF I COULD ONLY FIND A MOTIVE!

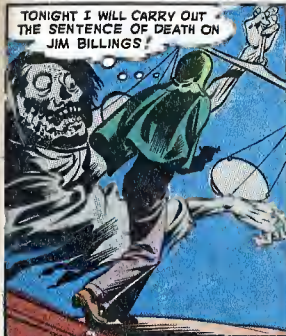
HMM! THE TESTIMONY PROVES CONCLUSIVELY THAT TRENT WAS INNOCENT! YET JUDGE TOLLIVER PRACTICALLY TOLD THE JURY TO BRING IN A VERDICT OF GUILTY!

Meanwhile, in Judge Tolliver's home ...

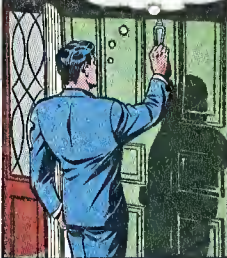
THE SERVANTS ARE GONE FOR THE NIGHT! IT IS TIME FOR THE SPIRIT OF JUSTICE TO SEEK OUT THE GUILTY...AND EXACT VENGEANCE!

LUCKY THE JURY DIDN'T LISTEN TO HIM! BUT WHY WAS THE JUDGE SO ANXIOUS TO CONVICT HIM? MAYBE I'D BETTER HAVE ANOTHER TALK WITH JUDGE TOLLIVER!

TONIGHT I WILL CARRY OUT
THE SENTENCE OF DEATH ON
JIM BILLINGS!



THAT'S FUNNY! NO ANSWER
AT THE JUDGE'S HOME! BUT
I KNOW I SAW A LIGHT AS I
CAME UP! SOMETHING
MAY BE WRONG!



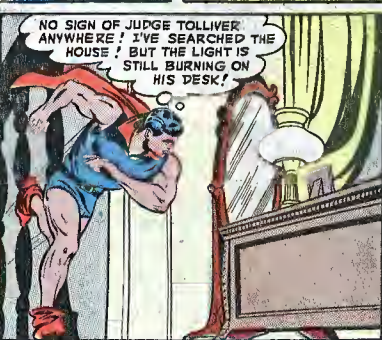
Once again Darrel
Dane exercises his
unique power to
condense the atoms
of his body, and
becomes the mighty
mite...**THE DOLL MAN!**



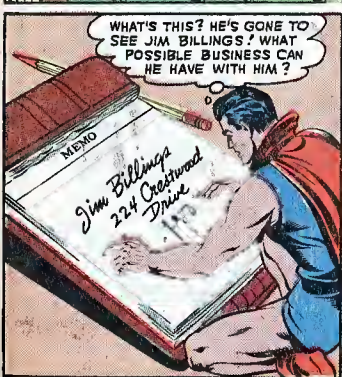
THIS ENTRANCE ISN'T
MADE FOR DARREL
DANE! BUT IT'S
JUST RIGHT FOR
ME!



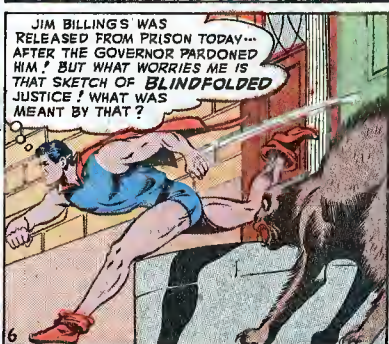
NO SIGN OF JUDGE TOLLIVER
ANYWHERE! I'VE SEARCHED THE
HOUSE! BUT THE LIGHT IS
STILL BURNING ON
HIS DESK!



WHAT'S THIS? HE'S GONE TO
SEE JIM BILLINGS! WHAT
POSSIBLE BUSINESS CAN
HE HAVE WITH HIM?



JIM BILLINGS WAS
RELEASED FROM PRISON TODAY...
AFTER THE GOVERNOR PARDONED
HIM! BUT WHAT WORRIES ME IS
THAT SKETCH OF **BLINDFOLDED**
JUSTICE! WHAT WAS
MEANT BY THAT?



At Jim Billings's home...

THIS IS A HAPPY DAY FOR US ALL, JIM! WE ALWAYS BELIEVED IN YOUR INNOCENCE!

THANKS, FOLKS! I-I NEVER EXPECTED A HOMECOMING LIKE THIS!

I BAKED THIS CAKE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU, JIM! CUT A NICE PIECE FOR...

OH-OH! THERE'S THE DOORBELL! I'D BETTER ANSWER IT!

RR-RING!

... BUT YOU HAVEN'T! YOUR GUILT HAS FOUND YOU OUT!

AGHH!

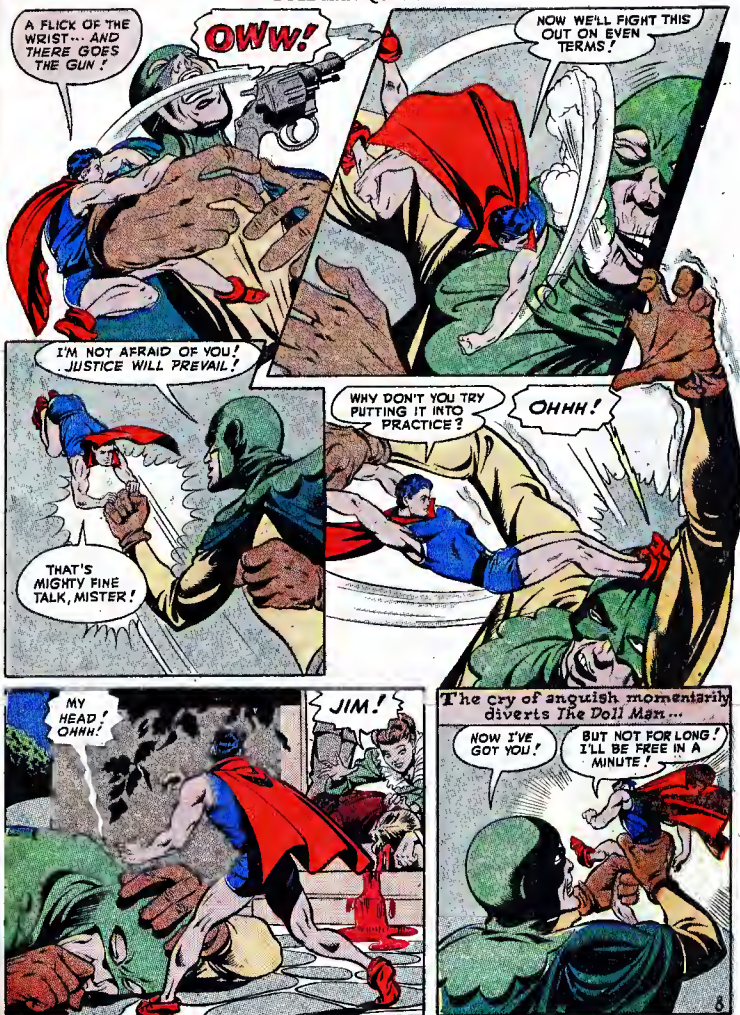
YES? WHO IS IT?

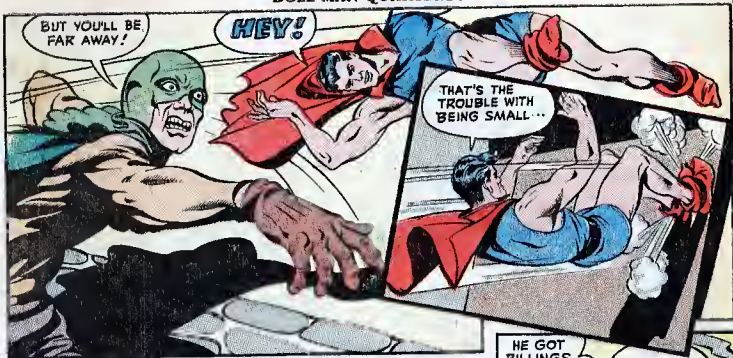
YOUR DOOM, JIM BILLINGS! YOU THINK YOU HAVE ESCAPED JUSTICE...

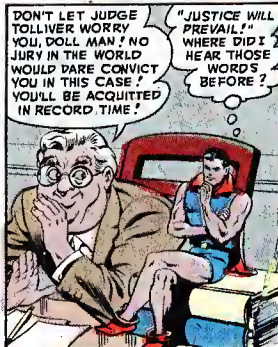
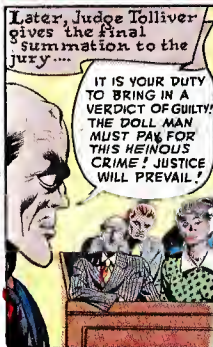
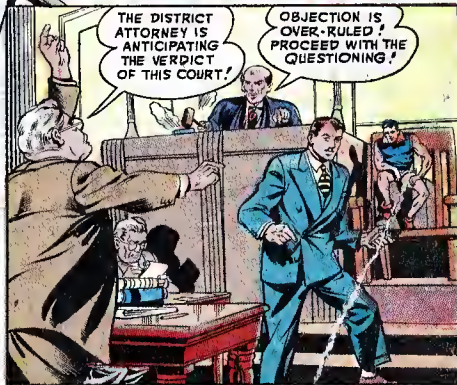
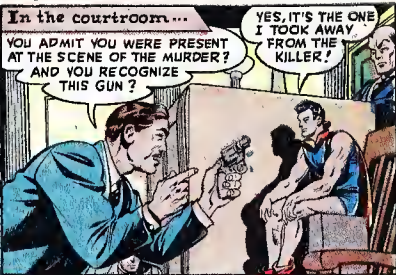
A SHOT! SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM BILLINGS'S HOME!

AND I GUESS YOU'RE THE BOY BEHIND THE GUN!

OUT OF MY WAY, DOLL MAN!



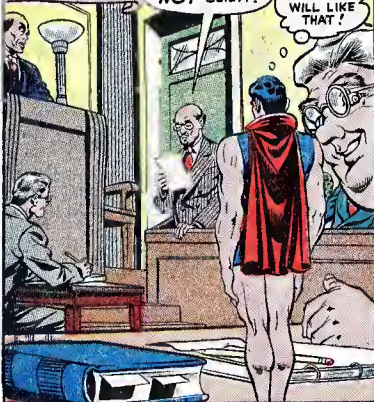




When the jury files back...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT NOT GUILTY!

I WONDER HOW TOLLIVER WILL LIKE THAT!



IN VIEW OF THE JURY'S DECISION, I MUST RELEASE YOU, DOLL MAN!

THANK YOU, JUDGE! YOU NEEDN'T WORRY--I'LL KEEP TRYING UNTIL I FIND THE REAL MURDERER OF JIM BILLINGS!



Later...

A TELEPHONE CALL CAME FOR YOU, SIR! IT WAS FROM SOMEONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE DOLL MAN!

HE HAS A CLUE TO THE MURDERER OF MR. BILLINGS, SIR! HE ASKS YOU TO MEET HIM AT THIS ADDRESS!

I SEE! THANK YOU VERY MUCH! YOU MAY HAVE THE REST OF THE NIGHT OFF, HARVEY!

HE SUSPECTS ME! I COULD TELL FROM THE WAY HE SPOKE! I MUST FIND A WAY TO GET RID OF THE DOLL MAN!



THE DOLL MAN CALLED ME? WHAT DOES HE WANT?



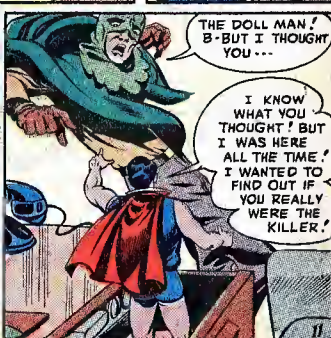
THE LITTLE FOOL! HE'S PLAYING DIRECTLY INTO MY HANDS! I'LL KEEP THIS APPOINTMENT AND MAKE SURE THE DOLL MAN NEVER TALKS!

GOOD EVENING, JUDGE!



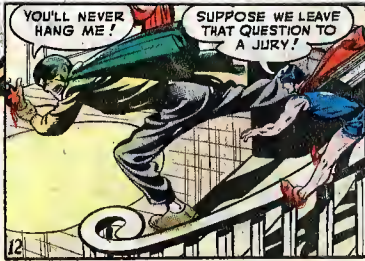
THE DOLL MAN! B-BUT I THOUGHT YOU...

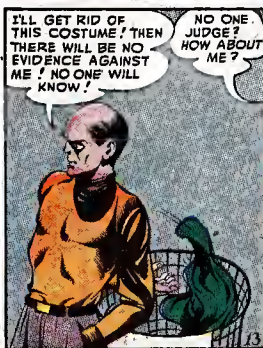
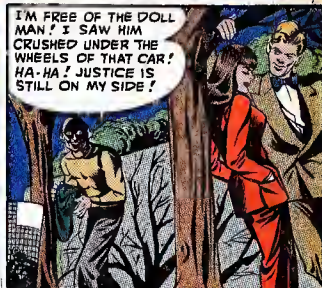
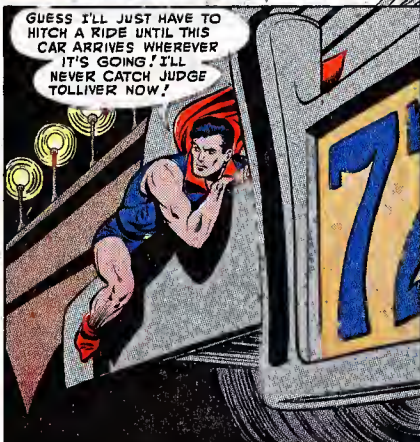
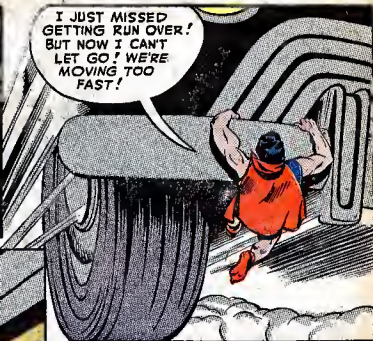
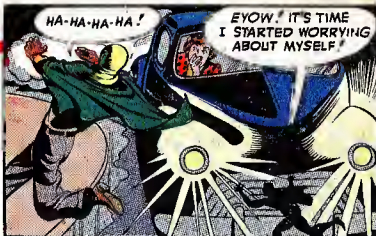
I KNOW WHAT YOU THOUGHT! BUT I WAS HERE ALL THE TIME! I WANTED TO FIND OUT IF YOU REALLY WERE THE KILLER!

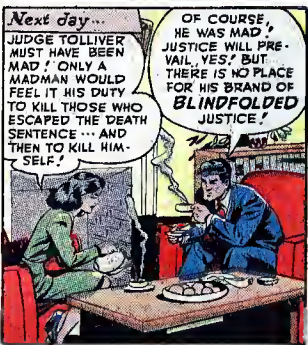
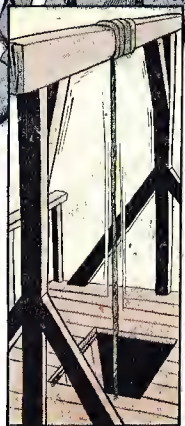
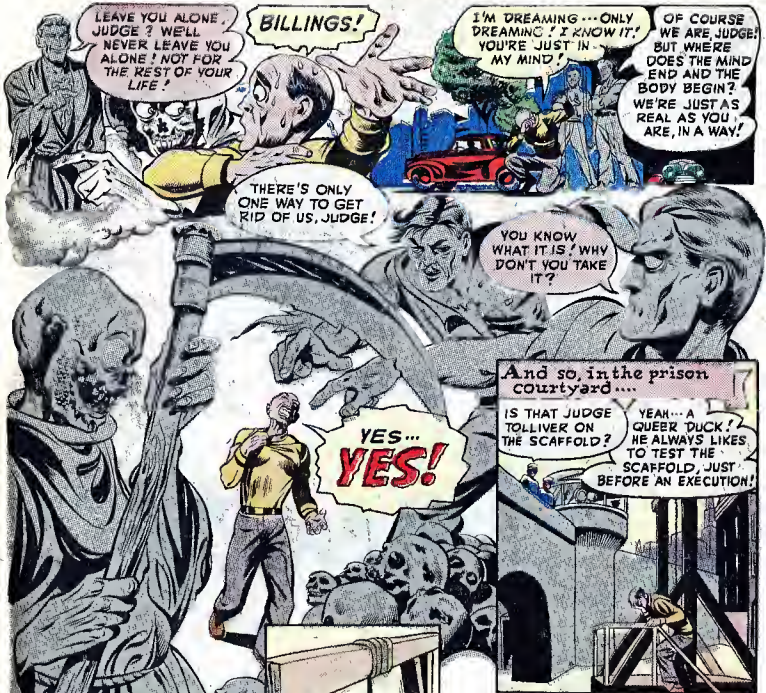




Quickly recovering, Judge
Tolliver flees.....







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**100
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- ☐ 50 Holland Crocus Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra . . . \$1.69
- ☐ 12 King Alfred Daffodil Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra . . . \$1.49
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- ☐ Send C.O.D. (I pay postage)
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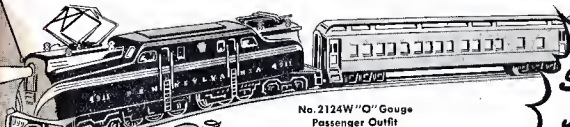
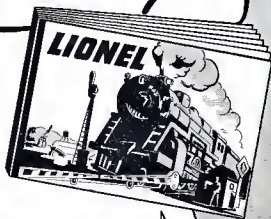
MICHIGAN BULB CO., Dept. RR-1508 GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

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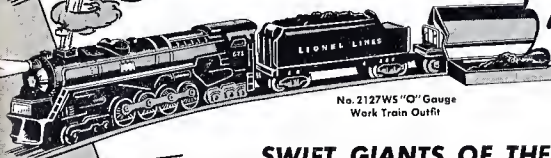


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No. 2127W5 "O" Gauge
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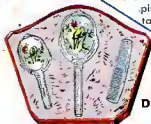


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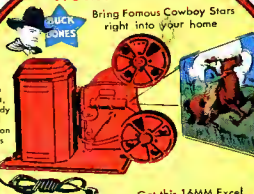
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